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EARTH ZINE,
RUNNING ZINE

Issue #2
(June 2004)
~ 50p



Welcome to issue 2 of this zine, the latest of my cut & paste ramblings. I'm writing this mid-May, and I'm just realising that it's been a fairly eventful few months since the start of the year, for me. As well as the zine scribbles, there's been various injuries, the joys of New Deal, some outdoorsy volunteering things and the end of the long sabbaging season, not to mention shifts and stuff at the Cowley Club (social centre). I even tried getting a job at one stage! I have also given up coffee in a semi-successful attempt to stop my occasional random hyperactive phases.

I nearly ended up having to attend this Tomorrow's People Course. These are who the Jobcentre folks hand you to via New Deal. They are supposed to get you back in the frame of mind for working 9 to 5 for four pounds - something per hour. Well, I managed to avoid them, and a good thing too 'cos they are really a powerful cult trying to control people's minds. They capture and brainwash people, programming them using food rewards. On release back into the wild, victims suddenly desire posh apartments, weird types of coffee and expensive labels. This is true 'cos people told me. All right, it might have been a dream. Or a 1970s TV programme where people had psychic powers and a subterranean base and were ahead in evolution or something. I remain suspicious, and there is probably no more obvious explanation for all the corporate-chain-driven, soul-destroying, posh, pretentious, over-hyped shite that's taking over and making everything soulless, greedy, identikit nothingness. Whoa, bit of a rant there ... breathe ...

Anyway, amid all the usual depressing stuff, there's been some good news, too. There's the victory against GM (Bayer) in the UK, and Monsanto backing down on GM Wheat 'cos no-one wants it. Also, a container port won't now be built at Dibden Bay (this would've destroyed coastal wildlife habitat), and the Ebro water transfer project in Spain seems to have been cancelled (this would've been environmentally very damaging for the region).

So there's good news as well, although sometimes it's hard to realise this amid the carnage and misery...

Hope you enjoy the zine,

Joe.

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WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF...

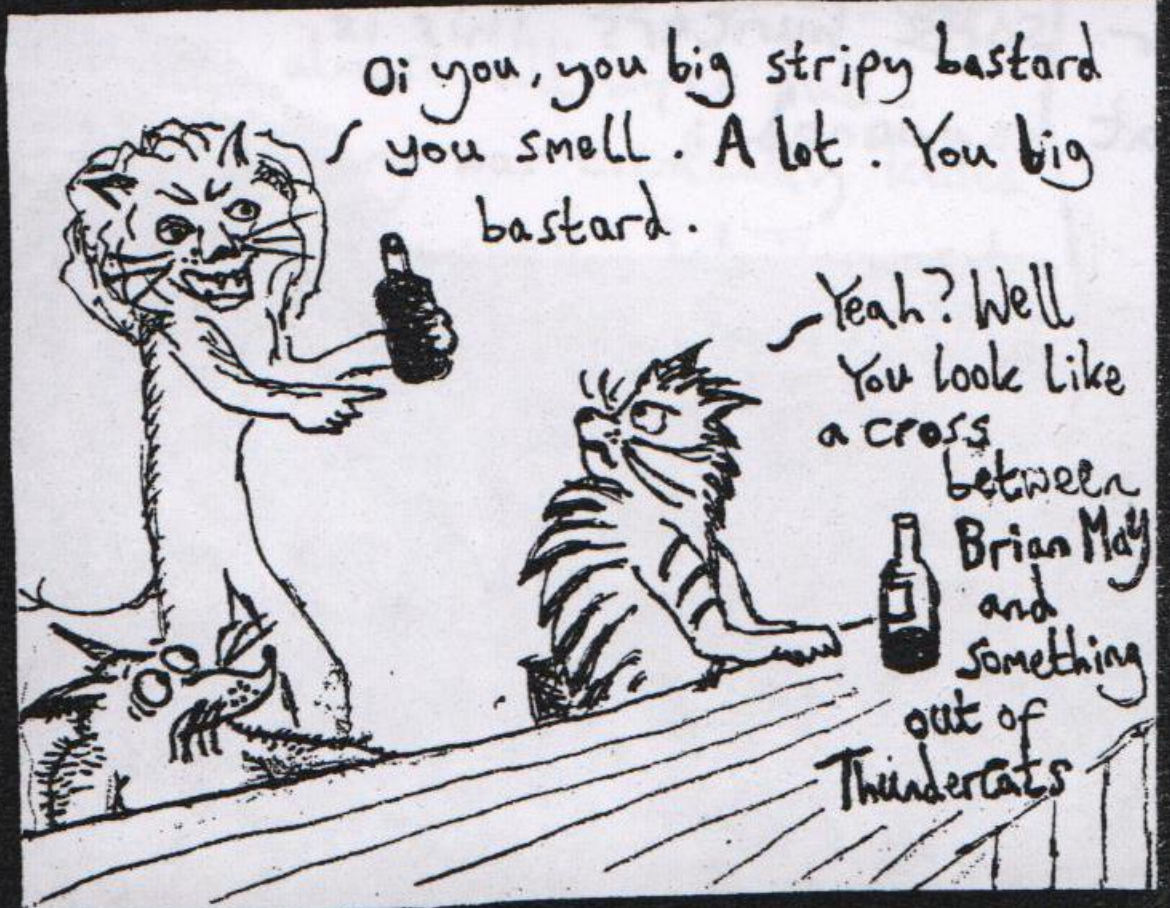
a Lion and a Tiger had a fight?
Who would win? Well, the
following is based on a true
story.

One day a Tiger was having
a quiet beer...



But then a drunk Lion
tried to start trouble...

Things looked bad for a
moment, but mischief was
averted, in the traditional
way, by others at the bar
saying "leave it mate" and
so on. The Lion was probably
too pissed to have won anyway.

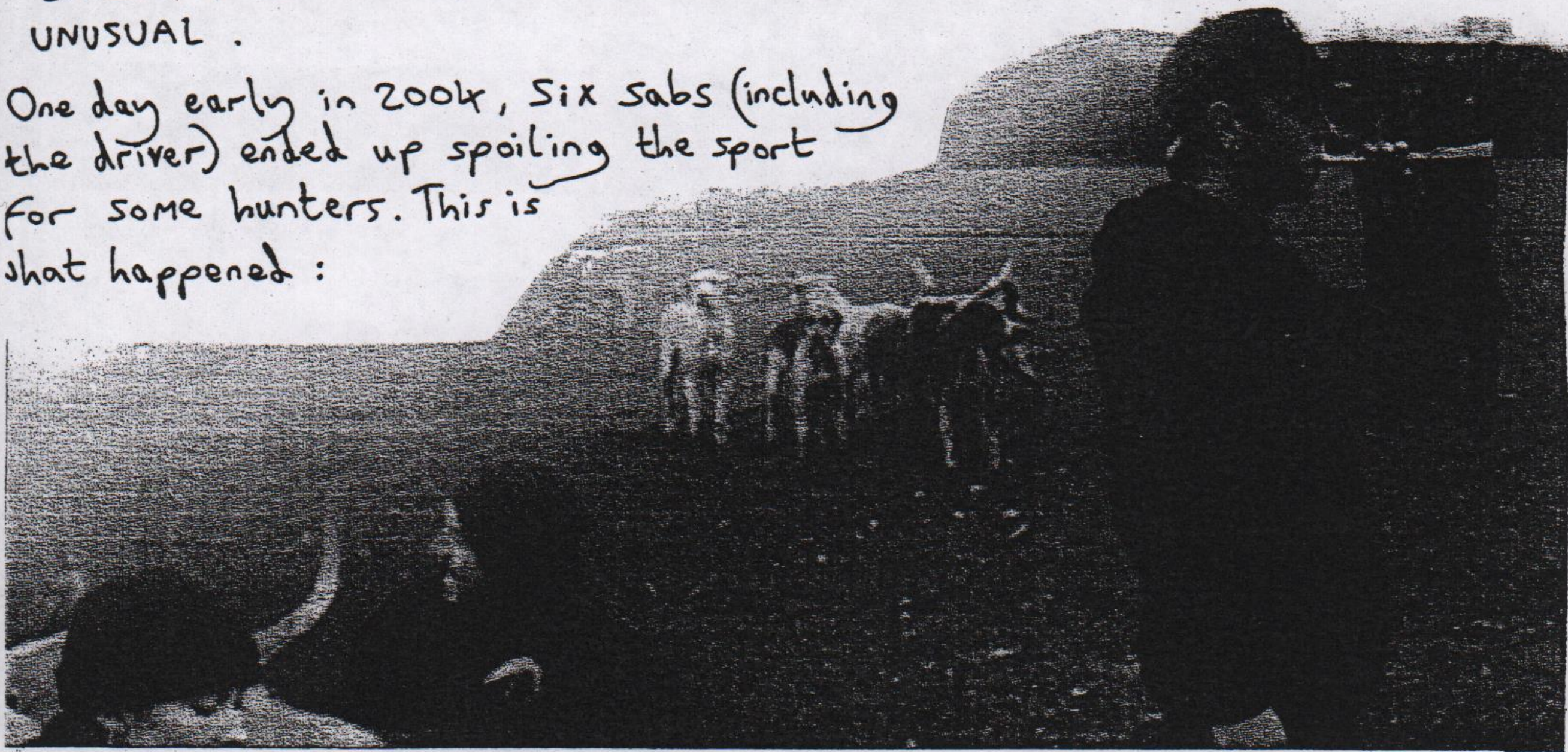


A DAY IN THE FIELD



THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT OF A DAY'S HUNT SABBING IS AN HONEST DEPICTION OF EVENTS, ALTHOUGH LIBERTIES HAVE BEEN TAKEN WITH SOME OF THE POLICE COMMENTS, AND THE PHOTOS ON THIS PAGE ARE NOT LINKED TO WHAT HAPPENED THERE, 'COS I RANDOMLY CUT THEM OUT OF HOWL (HUNT SAB MAGAZINE). SOME EVENTS DEPICTED TAKE PLACE VERY OFTEN DURING THE SABBING SEASON, BUT SOME OF WHAT HAPPENED IS MORE UNUSUAL.

One day early in 2004, six sabs (including the driver) ended up spoiling the sport for some hunters. This is what happened:



THE DAY'S SABBING STARTED WELL. SABS GOT INTO THE FIELD WELL AHEAD OF THE COPS, WHO SEEMED RELUCTANT TO GET MUDDY AND DO SOME RUNNING AROUND. THIS WAS ESPECIALLY GOOD, 'COS IF YOU DON'T GET WARNED TO STAY OFF THE LAND BY THEM, YOU ARE NOT COMMITTING A CRIMINAL OFFENCE. IF YOU GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO WARN YOU BUT CARRY ON ANYWAY (HEAVEN FORBID!) YOU CAN BE NICKED FOR AGGRAVATED TRESPASS UNLESS YOU LEAVE THE LAND.



(SABS ALSO AVOIDED ANY STOP AND SEARCH TIMEWASTING)



Sussex Police - keeping you safe

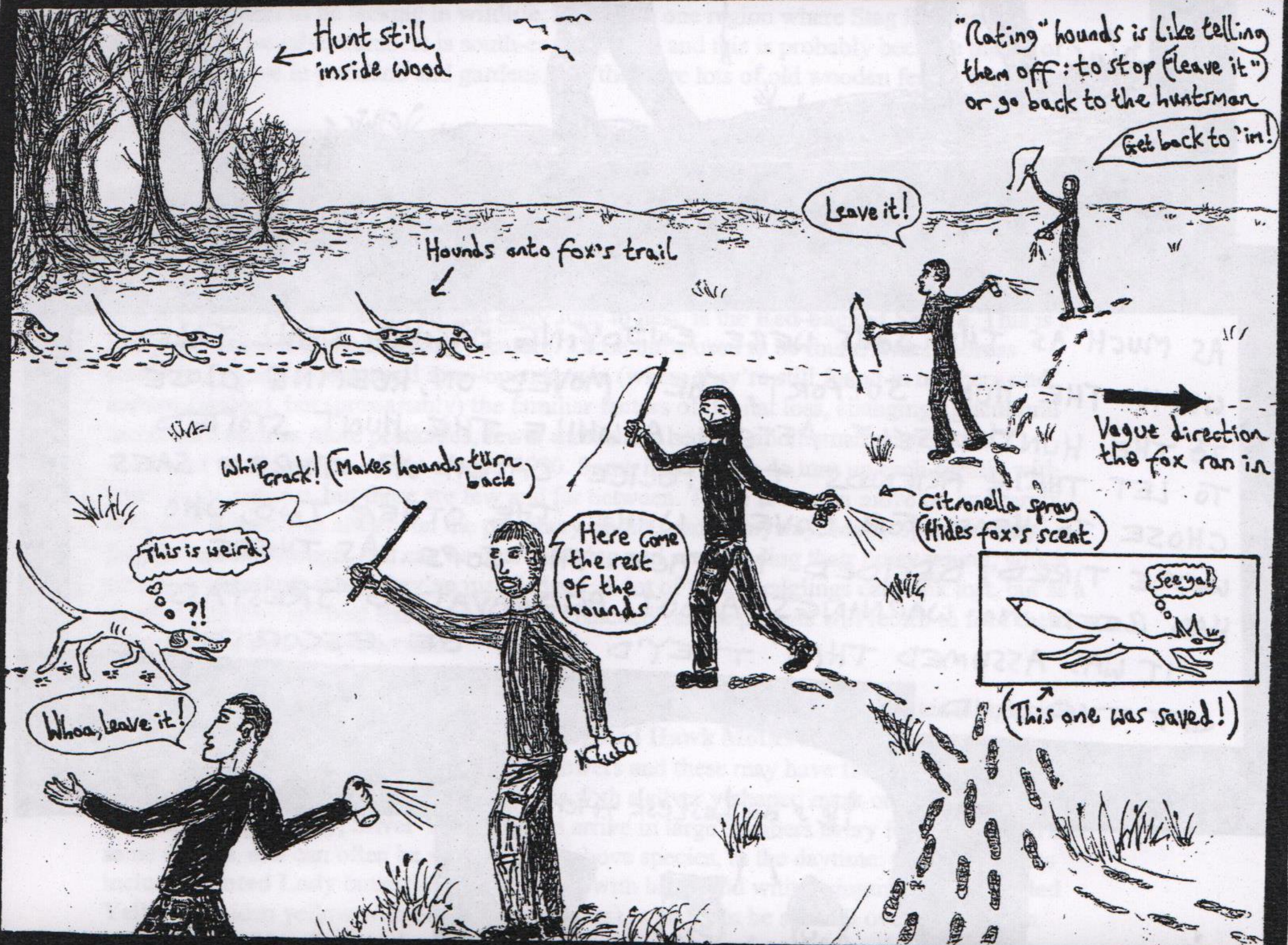
Stop/Stop & Search Form

Person/Vehicle: ☒ Stop ☐ Search (delete as appropriate)

Person Arrested YES ☐ NO ☒ Offence None at all

Stop/stop & search details: except breathing

SABS IMMEDIATELY FOUND THE HUNT, WHO WERE ALL SURROUNDING A COPSE, THE RIDERS FORMING A CORRAL AND THE HUNTSMAN DRAWING THE HOUNDS THROUGH TO FLUSH OUT A FOX. As the sabs approached the gate into this area, they saw a fox make a dash for it. People had been whingeing about being tired, but any weariness vanished immediately as they ran forward to form a line using whips (to signal hounds to turn back) and scent sprays (to hide the fox's trail), and voice calls to stop the hounds from chasing the fox. This was a classic, textbook sabbing moment, which felt really good, 'cos they could see it working, and sabs had saved the first fox of the day! Everyone did their bit perfectly and the timing couldn't have been better.



THE HUNT'S BUMPKINS HADN'T BEEN ATTENDING THEIR ANGER MANAGEMENT CLASSES :

I'll shove that whip right up your arse!

steam →



I'll get that stick a lot further up your arse, Mate!



AS MUCH AS THE SABS WERE ENJOYING MAKING SMALL TALK WITH THE HUNT SUPPORT, THEY MOVED ON, KEEPING CLOSE TO THE HUNT ITSELF. AFTER A WHILE THE HUNT STOPPED TO LET THEIR FRIENDS THE POLICE CATCH UP. THREE SABS CHOSE TO HEAD FOR COVER, WHILE THE OTHER TWO, WHO WERE TIRED, DECIDED TO FACE THE COPS. AS THERE HAD BEEN NO WARNINGS ABOUT AGGRAVATED TRESPASS, IT WAS ASSUMED THAT THEY'D JUST BE ESCORTED OFF THE LAND.

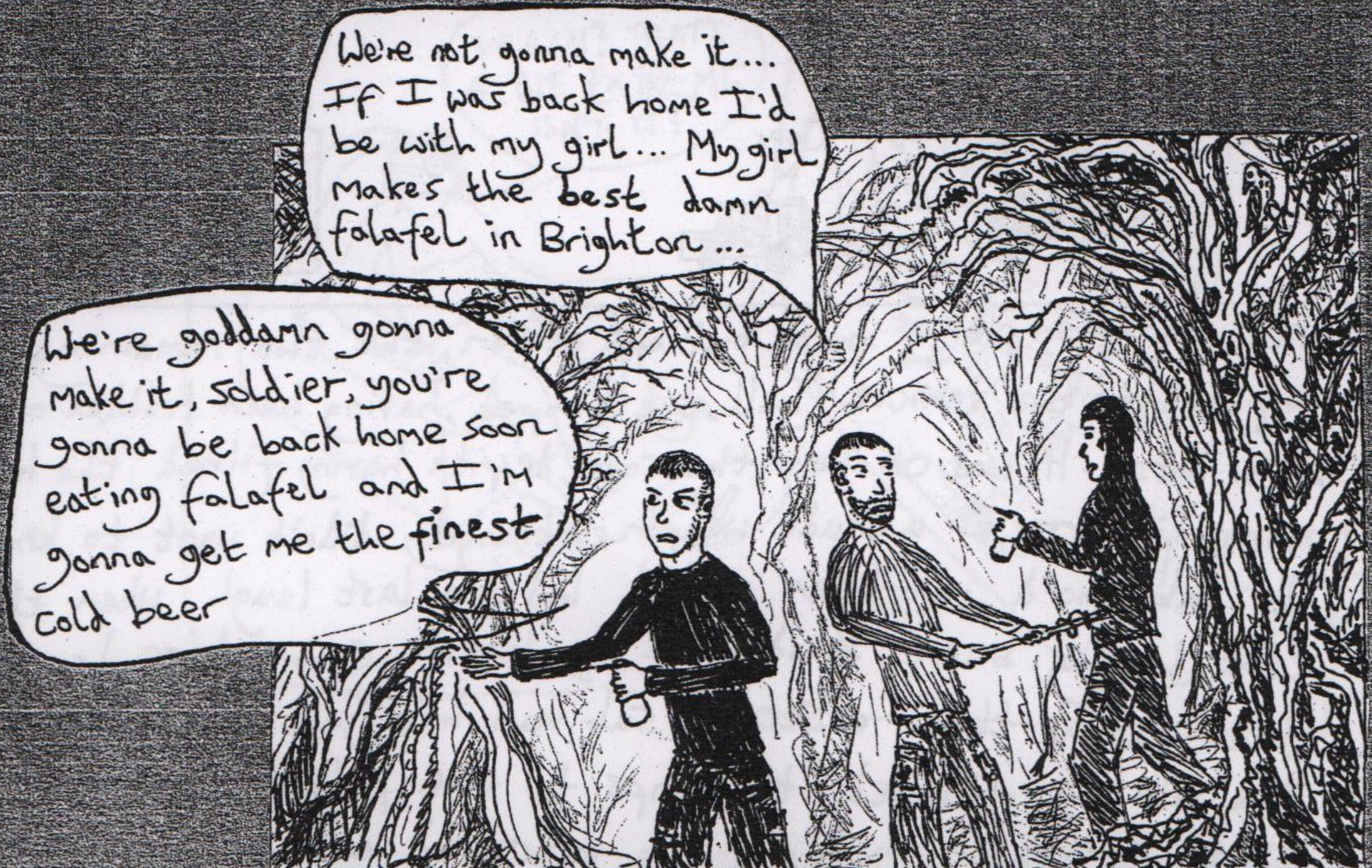
He's my bestest friend



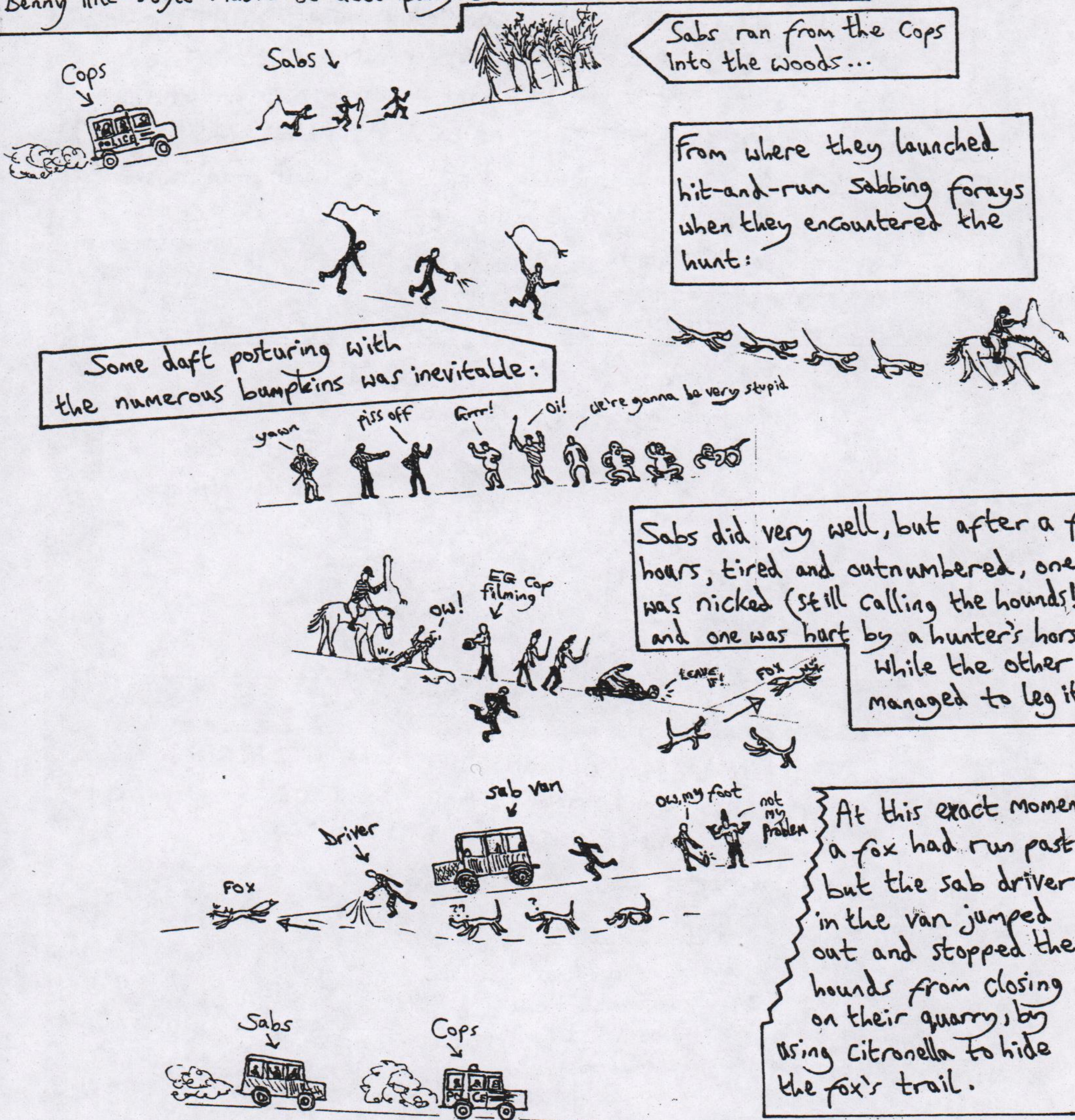
THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME MASONS' HANDSHAKES BETWEEN THE COPS AND THE HUNT, 'COS THE SABS WERE BOTH ARRESTED AND HANDCUFFED FOR WAITING! SO THERE'S A LESSON - RUN FROM THE COPS, 'COS THEY INVENT THE RULES AS THEY GO! (It later turned out that today was a big hunt fundraiser thing and sabs were pissing the hunt off a lot, so the cops were having none of it):



THE OTHER 3 SABS KEPT ON THE MOVE, TRACKING THE HUNT AND EMPLOYING SABBING TACTICS AT TIMES, BUT MAINLY STAYING WELL HIDDEN:



The following events occurred, and should probably have some kind of Benny Hill-style music to accompany them:



With everyone pretty much out of action, the two remaining sabs jumped into the vehicle (well, one limped, having been trodden on by a horse. He was OK but the cops, despite having filmed the hunter using his horse as a crude weapon, strangely didn't want to know). The sab who'd just been nicked had the last laugh when the cops, having been "stood down" by their commanders, heard over their radios that a second sab van had just turned up! The sabs followed the cops to the police station to wait for their mates to be processed and freed.

AFTER THOSE WHO'D BEEN ARRESTED WERE RELEASED, EVERYONE WENT TO THE PUB AND HAD STRANGE CONVERSATIONS!



SO, WHAT DID THE SABS ACTUALLY ACHIEVE ON THIS DAY? ON THE DOWN SIDE, 3 PEOPLE WERE ARRESTED AND ONE PERSON GOT A BRUISED FOOT. BUT THEN YOU REALISE THAT TWO FOXES WERE SAVED, WITH A THIRD FOX NOT NEEDING MUCH HELP, AND SABS TIME AFTER TIME OUTWITTED AND EVADED LARGE NUMBERS OF ANGRY HUNT SUPPORTERS, HUNTERS AND COPS. THE SABS DID THIS ON FOOT WITH VERY LITTLE IN THE WAY OF EQUIPMENT, NO POSSIBILITY OF BACKUP OR A REST IN A VEHICLE FOR MOST OF THE DAY, AND WITHOUT EVEN CBs OR MOBILE PHONES ON THIS OCCASION.

CONTRAST THIS WITH THE NUMBERS AND EQUIPMENT THE ENEMY HAD, AND YOU BEGIN TO SEE HOW THOUGHT AND DETERMINATION CAN GO A LONG WAY. NO HIERARCHY WAS NEEDED, JUST A SMALL AUTONOMOUS DIRECT ACTION GROUP WITH RESPECT FOR EACH OTHER AND A HEALTHY CONTEMPT FOR ELITIST LAWS AND INTIMIDATION. IT IS WORTH REMEMBERING, TOO, THAT THOSE NICKED ARE UNLIKELY TO FACE EVEN THE MINOR, SPURIOUS CHARGES THEY WERE THREATENED WITH, AND, EVEN AS THEY HAD TO STOP NEAR THE END OF THE DAY, ANOTHER VANLOAD OF SABS TURNED UP TO CONTINUE THE GOOD WORK! THEY CAN'T STOP THE SABS!!!



SO I'VE DONE MY FIRST
ZINE, I MIGHT START ON
THE NEXT ONE NOW. WHAT
AM I GONNA PUT IN IT?
I THINK I NEED LOADS
MORE CARTOONS THAN LAST
TIME, BUT THEY TAKE
FUCKIN' AGES...

I COULD DO SOMETHING
TOPICAL ABOUT PALESTINE OR
SOMETHING... HMM, MAYBE THAT'S
TOO SERIOUS... MAYBE MEDIEVAL
BADGER WARFARE... NO, TOO WEIRD,
NO-ONE WILL GET IT... MAYBE I'LL
JUST EAT BISCUITS AND FORGET THE
WHOLE IDEA...



...A PSYCHOTIC CULT... OF... GIANT
NAZI WILDEBEEST... OH FOR FUCK'S SAKE
WHY DOES MY BRAIN WORK LIKE THIS??
ALL I CAN THINK OF IS REALLY SURREAL
STUFF... MAYBE I ATE TOO MANY BISCUITS
... THEY'RE PROBABLY MADE OF GM
INGREDIENTS OR SOMETHING... MAYBE
I SHOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN UP COFFEE
... HMM, SOMETHING ABOUT GM CROPS?
YEAH, GM CROPS, HARVESTED AT
NIGHT BY... MEDIEVAL BADGERS...





Hey you! I wanna
say something
about your pathetic
little so-called
"zine" you've just
done.



Er, okay...

What the fuck
is it all about? Well?

Er...



I mean, why is
everything about
Badgers for fuck's
sake?? What's the
point of that?
That's just irrelevant
shite.



I guess I find
it easier to draw
animals and stuff.
Relax, you don't have to
read it if you don't like
it.

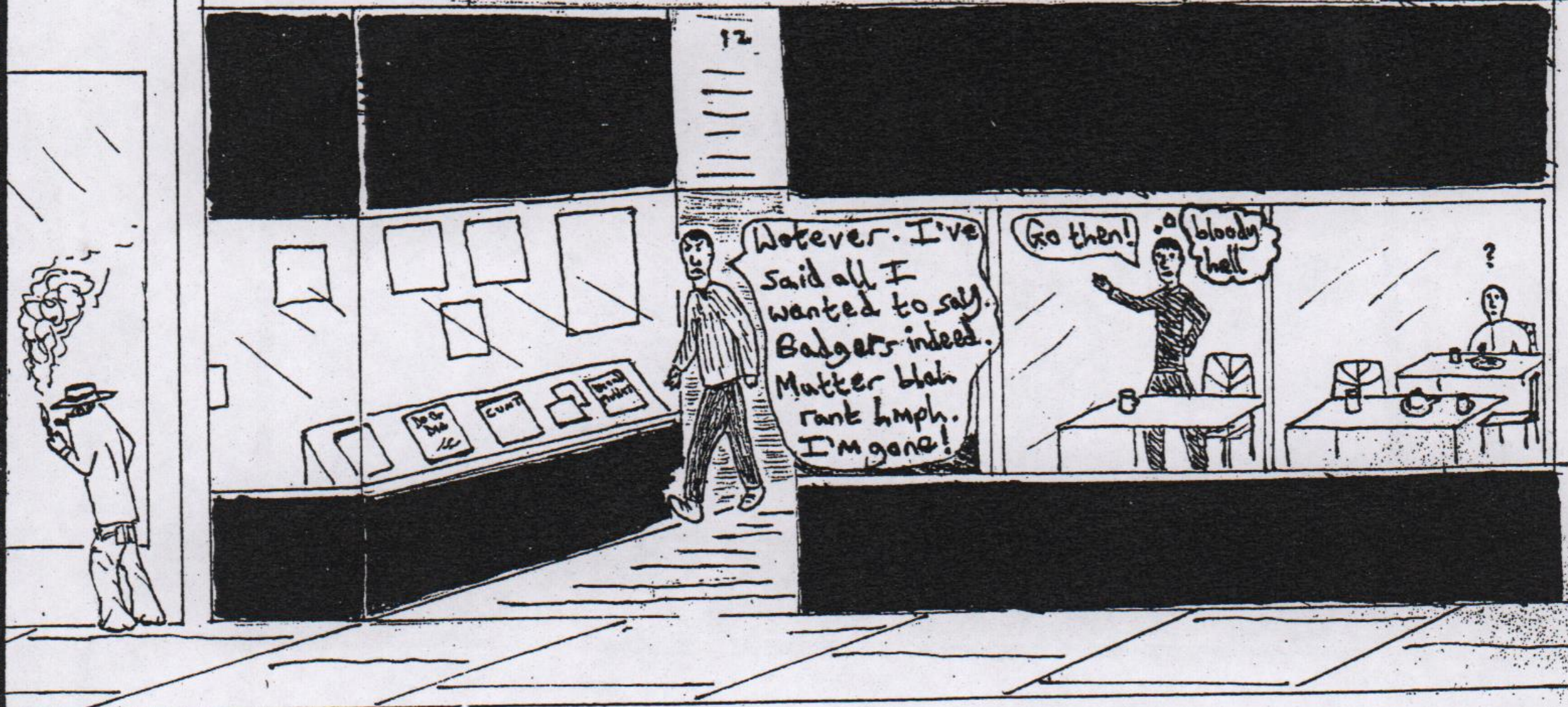


Damn right I won't read it.
Waste of fucking time.
Badgers are so
irrelevant to real
life. Why don't
you write about
those Clive's lies
or something?

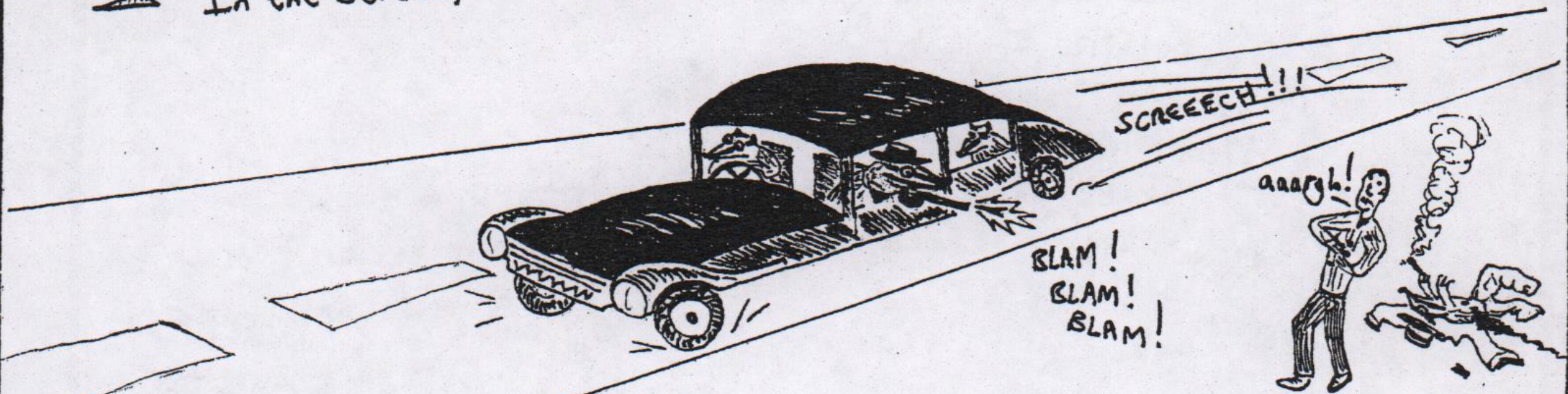


'cos they're
really expensive and
they're stupid 'cos I
always eat them before
I can get them home
to beat them up...

THE CHESTNUT TREE CAFÉ



↘ In the street, seconds later...



Bravo Sierra Tortilla Wrap...
Yeah, looks like another gangland Badger execution... They got some passer-by as well... he was just in the wrong place at the wrong time...

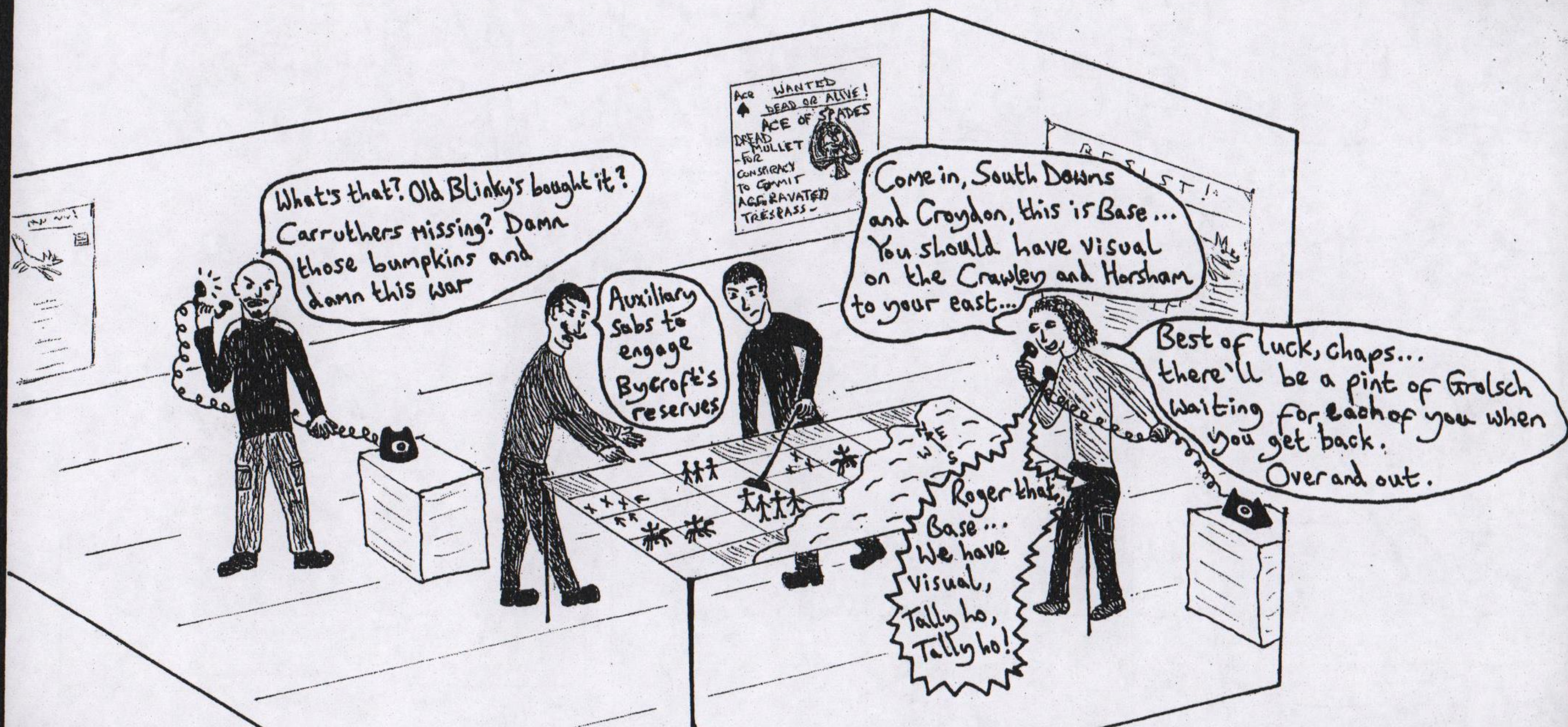




Nº1 WATCHING TELEVISION (by Mango)



IN THE SABS' WAR ROOM:



CRITTERS

In June, much wildlife will be looking after or about to have young. As a result, these creatures may be harder to see because they are keeping a low profile to protect their young, and because they are hidden amid all the plant growth and tree foliage. There is still plenty going on, though!

An obvious feature of midsummer is the abundance of insects. Orange **soldier beetles** and scarlet and black **cardinal beetles** can be found along hedgerows or in grassy fields in large numbers. One beetle that is only found locally and is nationally rare now is the biggest of all, the **Stag Beetle**. This is really big, and the males (with the antlers) fly about low and around treetops on June evenings. They are dramatic to look at but they are completely harmless. Their larvae live in and eat rotting wood and (because this is not the most nutritious of diets) take years to become adults. This slow growth, and the fact that decaying wood such as tree stumps is scarce nowadays means that they are in trouble in terms of numbers. Forest, garden or park management that allows some wood to be left to decay, and trees to rot down when they fall in the forest, helps not just this species but very many others, from fungi to woodpeckers, and this is one reason why pristinely tidy, over-managed green spaces sometimes seem to be lacking in wildlife. Bizarrely, one region where Stag Beetles still survive in reasonable numbers is south-east London, and this is probably because plenty of old trees survive in parkland and gardens, and there are lots of old wooden fences which do as beetle food.

Although bird migration is much reduced this month, **Swifts** and **Turtle Doves** still arrive in the first half of the month. Swifts are all-dark birds with scythe-shaped silhouettes that nest in buildings, and they usually only land in order to nest. By mid-August most of them will have left to return to Africa. Turtle Doves are shy and are mainly seen in woodland or farmland edge, and are in decline nationally, perhaps because of environmentally harmful agricultural practices. This decline should be taken seriously: one bird that Britain lost as a breeding species, which used to return around early June to nest, is the **Red-backed Shrike**. This is a real pity, 'cos it is a good-looking creature. These birds used to be found widely across southern England in open and semi-open terrain (where they're still found in northern and eastern Europe), but (presumably) the familiar factors of habitat loss, changing agricultural techniques such as more pesticides, fewer weeds and hedges, and human persecution combined to wipe them out by around 1990. Some individuals do turn up each spring, with more in the autumn, but these are few and far between. These few soon move on and rarely nest, and Britain was always on the periphery of their range anyway. Many open-country species remain, though, and can be heard singing and seen feeding their noisy young, which turn up everywhere when they've just fledged. A lot of these fledglings can look lost, but as a general rule they are best left alone and not "rescued" as the parents will return to feed them when there are no people around.

By late June, bird migration can be largely replaced by insect migration, and this is especially obvious with moths and butterflies. **Hummingbird Hawk Moths** look like little hummingbirds as they hover to feed from flowers and these may have flown quite a distance from the Mediterranean area. Greyish moths with a silver y-shaped mark on their wings (called, unsurprisingly, **Silver Y** moths) can arrive in large numbers every few years from the same origins, and can often be seen, like the above species, in the daytime. Other travellers include **Painted Lady** butterflies (pale orange with black and white wingtips) and **Clouded Yellows** (golden yellow with black wing borders), which can be seen all over the place in some years and hardly anywhere in others (although they are found along the south coast pretty much every year). Many resident butterflies should be obvious anyway, anywhere where land has been developed or managed sympathetically, or left alone.

SAB VAN CHAOS



The situation is this: You're in the sab vehicle, when you notice, with alarm, a Twix Wrapper on the floor. As it's generally a vegan vehicle, you never thought such a nightmare scenario could occur. But what do you do now that the nightmare has become reality?

You could blame a likely suspect and carry out a mob-style execution...

But you could be wrong and you probably don't have the appropriate clothing to do it with real panache...



Do you force the vehicle to stop, evacuate everyone, burn the vehicle, and never talk of that terrible day again? But then you have no vehicle, so...

So, you pick it up to remove it... but what if you get the blame?

Maybe you should ask the local police about installing CCTV to prevent further acts of terror... but maybe they left it there to cause turmoil among the sabs?

You could just ignore it, or laugh it off. But the Twix Wrapper could be caught in a sudden gust of wind and fly into the driver's face, causing the vehicle to crash over a cliff into the sea, and you'd not only have no vehicle, but you'd all be dead.

Perhaps it's some kind of training exercise and not what it seems...

There might be an innocent explanation. Someone could have found it and picked it up to put it in a bin. Or, it could turn out that it was used, in an emergency, to help rescue an injured Chaffinch in some little-known procedure...

So, keep calm, don't jump to conclusions, distract everyone by starting a debate about the pros and cons of LandRovers versus Transit Vans, then surreptitiously throw the wrapper away at the first opportunity.

Hadrian's Wallpaper

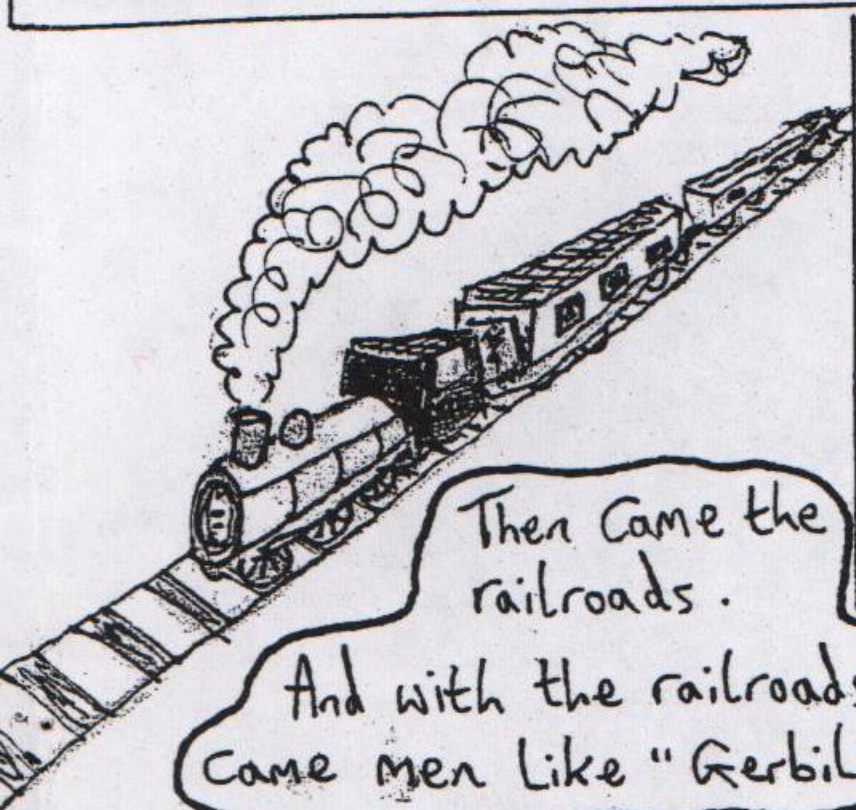


GERBIL GARY

AND THE

GERBIL SLAUGHTER

Once, great herds of Gerbils roamed the Midwest ...



Then came the railroads.

And with the railroads came men like "Gerbil" Gary Cody.



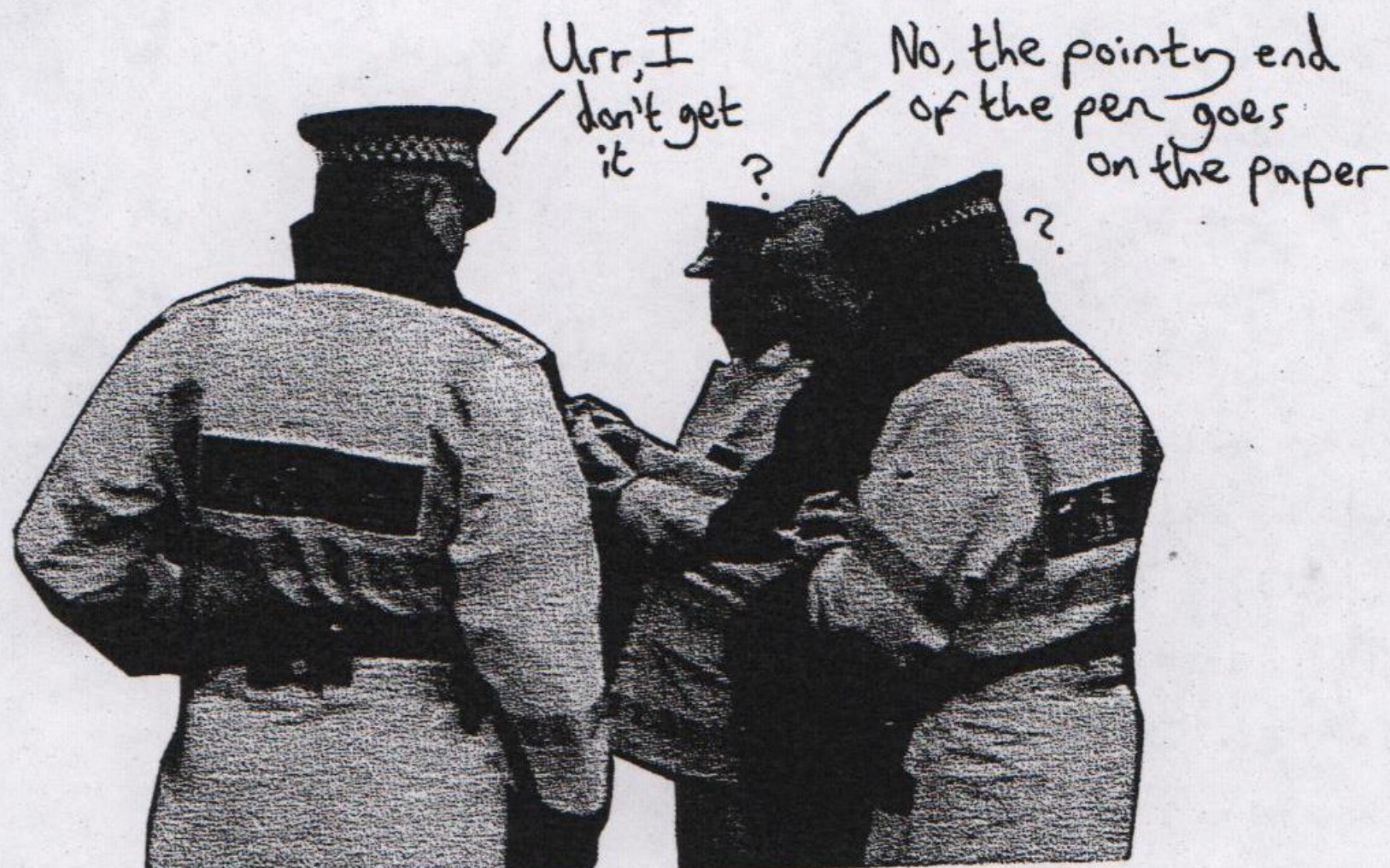
Gerbil Gary and his friends slaughtered the vulnerable Gerbils in their thousands. Soon, they were almost all wiped out. Gerbil Gary was eventually killed for being a witch, but it was too late for the rodents of the West. Today, you would never believe that such an abundance could have existed.

From a national newspaper, 1/4/2/04

One of the police chiefs in charge of national policy on firearms has said he would like a Star Trek-style phaser gun for officers which can "temporarily switch people's brains off".

He said that officers had been "testing prototypes" on each other for years, and it "hasn't done us any harm".

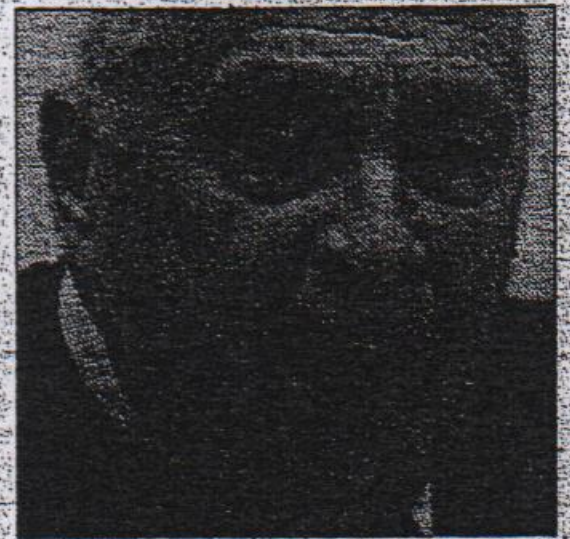
Police Training:
How to use a pen



New threat from Israeli leader raises tension in Middle East

Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon raised the political stakes yesterday. Following weeks of personal disputes with Tony Blair, Mr Sharon is reported to have called Mr Blair "a twat". Sharon yesterday threatened to break Mr Blair's legs, and challenged him to "a fight, no rules, just me and that bastard Blair and any weapon he chooses, the big wuss". This belligerent outburst comes despite a pledge by Sharon to George W. Bush that he would stop threatening foreign leaders and calling them nasty names. Mr Sharon declared that he was no longer bound by that pledge because Blair had "started on him". Mr Sharon acknowledged the political difficulties that would result from a serious kicking off between the two leaders, but said Blair had simply pushed him too far. Downing Street refused to comment, but hinted that Mr Blair would respond within the next few hours.

— Reuters

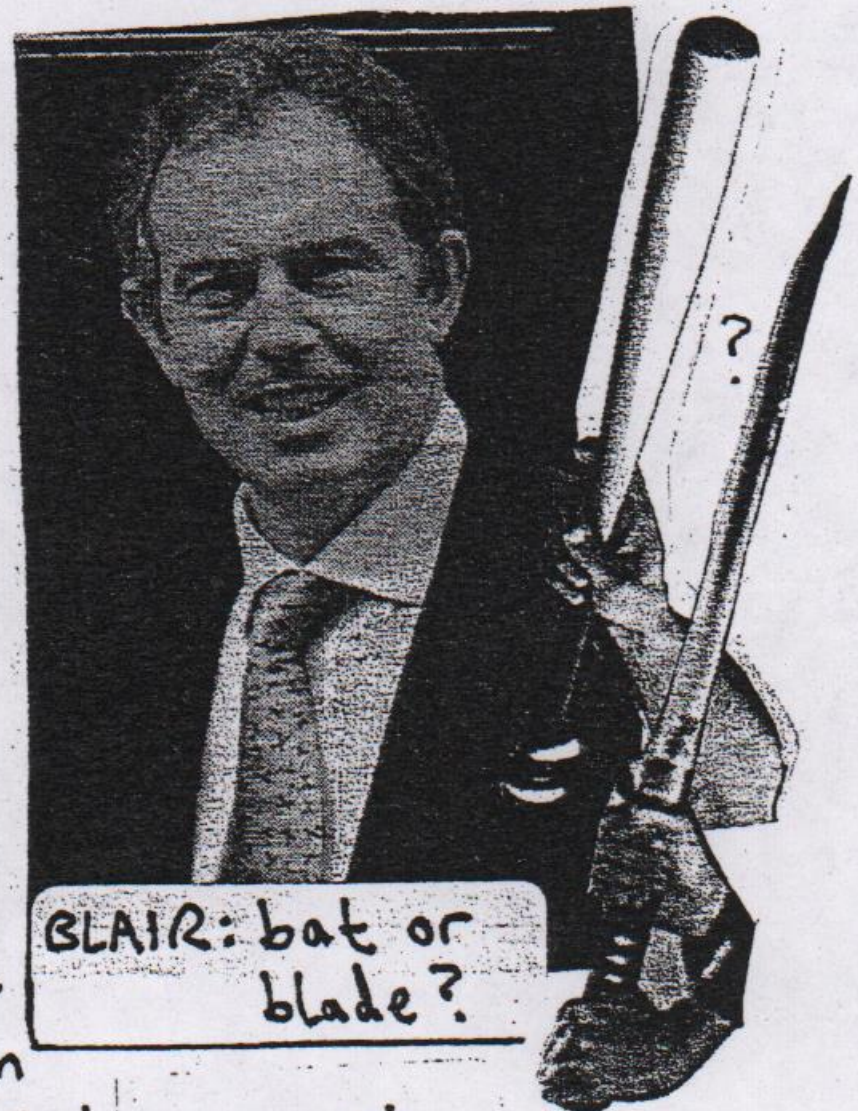


'I understand the problems ... but I am released from that pledge'
Ariel Sharon

STOP PRESS:

Blair's weapon dilemma

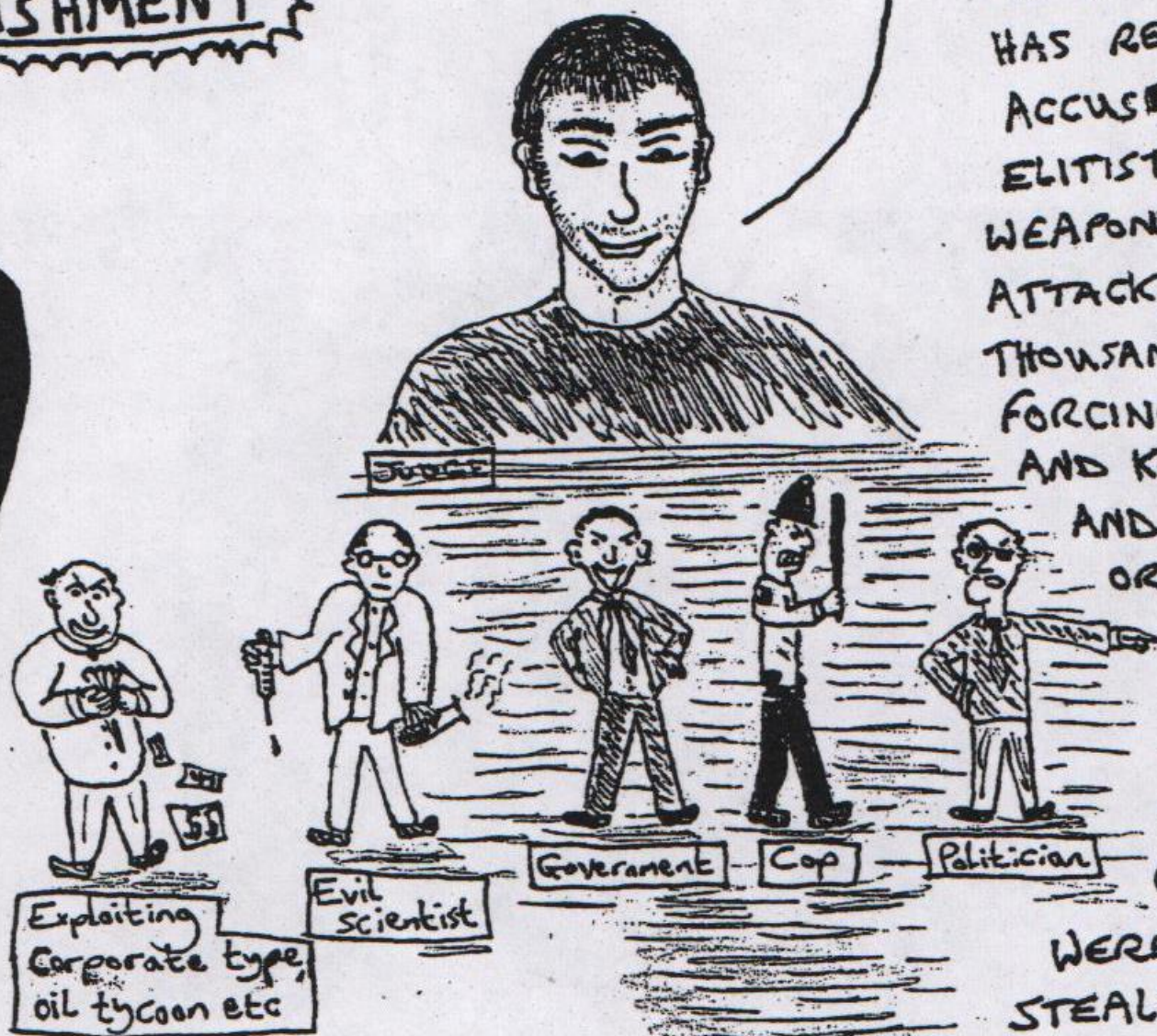
Following Ariel Sharon's challenge to a fight, a spokesman for Tony Blair gave a short press statement early today. Mr Blair referred to Mr Sharon as "a fat fool" and agreed to a fight within days. Mr Blair had not yet decided which weapon he would be using, whether a bat or a blade, but Whitehall officials believe he will plump for his favourite, a Bowie knife.



BLAIR: bat or blade?

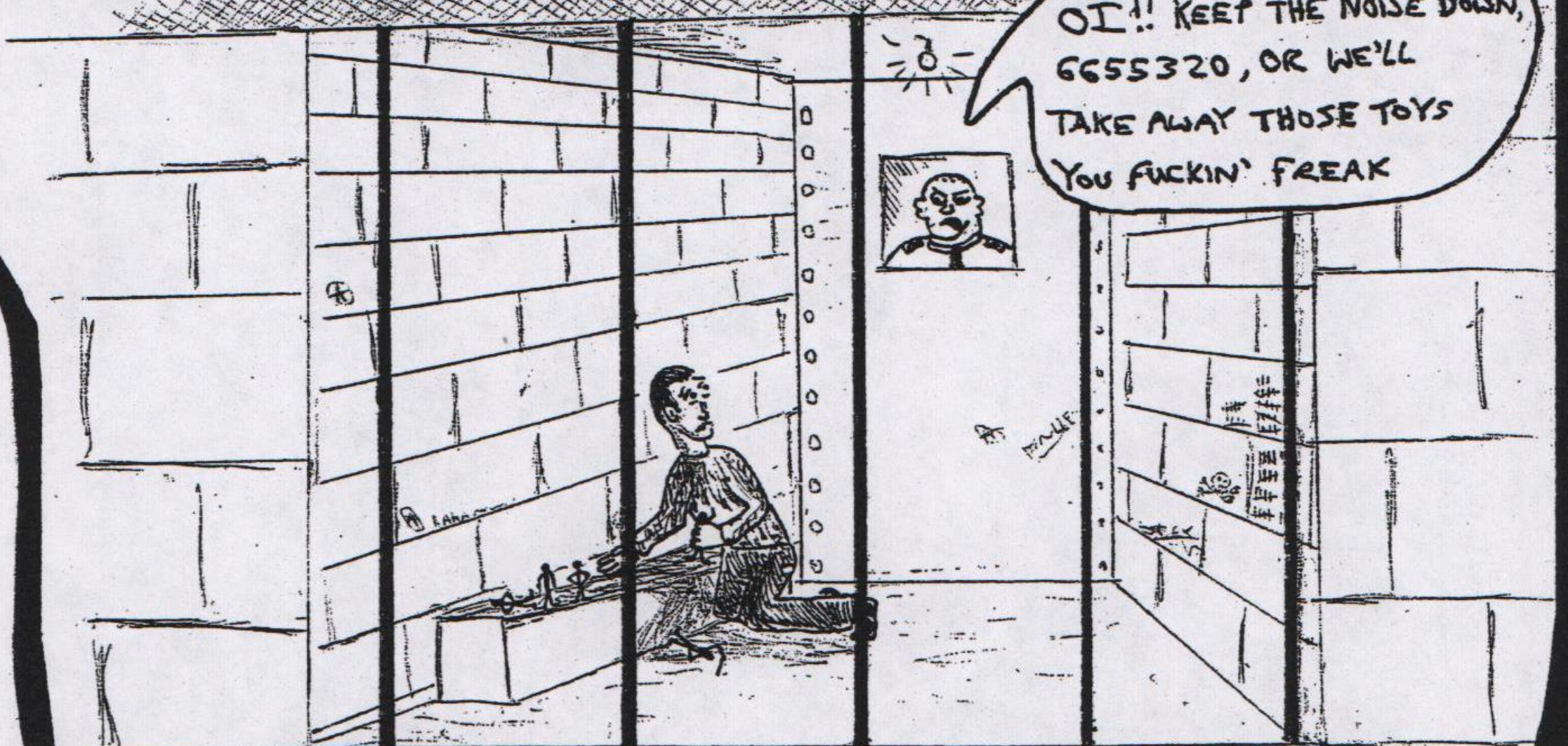
Ariel Sharon refused to comment on his own preferred tactics, although it is likely he will rely on his weight advantage to crush Blair. On Blair's possible choice of weapons, Sharon commented ominously: "that's just like Blair, to bring a knife to a gunfight".

CRIME & PUNISHMENT



GOOD MORNING. HAVING RETIRED TO CONSIDER THE EVIDENCE, THE COURT HAS REACHED ITS VERDICT. YOU STOOD ACCUSED OF RUNNING IMPERIALIST, ELITIST BULLYING GOVERNMENTS, SELLING WEAPONS TO CRUSH AND ENSLAVE PEOPLE, ATTACKING OTHER COUNTRIES, KILLING THOUSANDS, PROPAGATING ETHNIC HATRED, FORCING MILLIONS OF PEOPLE TO OBEY AND KOWTOW TO YOU THROUGH FEAR AND DESTROYING ANY SENSE OF AUTONOMY OR INDIVIDUALITY. YOU WERE ALSO ACCUSED OF DESTROYING THE ENVIRONMENT IN THE NAME OF PROFIT, ABUSING PEOPLE AND ANIMALS FOR PROFIT, AND DESTROYING COMMUNITIES FOR PROFIT. YOU WERE ACCUSED OF ENSLAVING EVERYONE, STEALING OUR LAND THROUGH FORCE, BURNING AND POISONING IT, AND FORCING US TO BEG FOR ITS RETURN.

ON ALL COUNTS, THE COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY!! THESE ARE TERRIBLE CRIMES. YOU ARE SELFISH AND ARROGANT. YOU HAVE SHOWN NO REMORSE FOR THE PAIN AND DAMAGE YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR. PEOPLE ARE BETTER OFF WITHOUT YOU. I THEREFORE SENTENCE YOU ALL TO DEATH, TO BE CARRIED OUT RIGHT NOW...

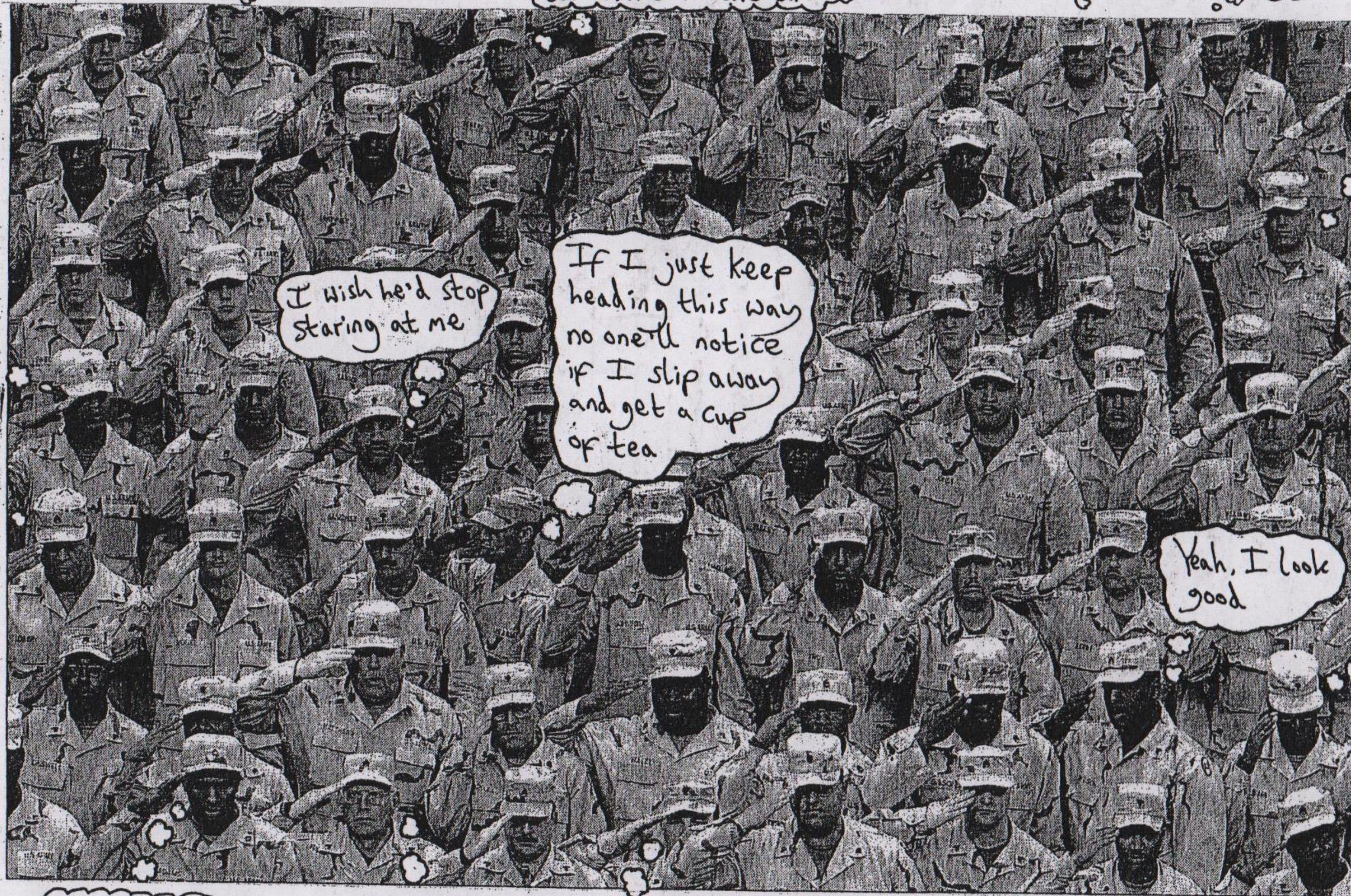


His hat is so cool

It's surprising that Badgers are the largest surviving land carnivore in the UK

cake

cake



He's nice

I need a piss

I wish he'd stop staring at me

If I just keep heading this way no one'll notice if I slip away and get a cup of tea

If this doesn't finish in the next two minutes I'm setting off some grenades

Yeah, I look good

Bourbons or HobNobs? I just can't choose...

... so they all laughed at me but it doesn't make sense that Ren and Stimpy live together...

I'm too old for this

Why am I always next to the huge guy?